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COMMONWEAL

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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

Bournemouth

WE WOULD like to proceed directly with what we want to say about Mr. Bevin's Bournemouth speech because the English language is a great language, British statesmen know how to use it, there has not been a speech made by a British statesman since the war that seems to us so clear, so direct, so unadorned. We would like to say at once whatever we have to say about the thinking in this speech, its courage and determination. We would have liked to have started out at once with a quote that expresses the foreign policy aim of so many millions of men all over the world, men who have never heard of the *Blue Train,* the *Golden Arrow,* the *Orient Express,* who have never heard of *Normandie* and do not know she burned at her dock in New York, who do not know or want to know the Carlton in Cannes, the Negresco in Nice—who know only that wherever they move there will be someone in uniform sitting on a bench who will get up from the bench when they approach; he will stick up his paw and say this is a customs barrier, this is a frontier barrier; if you look at this fence from one side it is the beginning of a zone but from the other side it is the end of a zone; he will say this is my ocean, this is my lake, this is my mountain and this flat field that looks like anybody's field is cut right in two; I'm standing on the line—the Greenwich line—you can't see it, now it's here and now it isn't; whoever you are, wherever you want to go, go straight back where you came from, and when you have the papers with the stamps and the photographs return Monday maybe Tuesday maybe one of these days will be good news day.

We would have liked to have started right away, with Mr. Bevin saying: "I want to be able to go down to Victoria Station, get a ticket and go where the hell I like without a passport or anything else."

Or else it would have been the passage on France which puts an end to all the nonsense, French and otherwise, about its all being Daladier, or Reynaud, Gamelin or the Popular Front, that let the German armies win the campaign of France. Mr. Bevin said: "I always took the view that with the losses you sustained in the last war there was no time for you to recover in this war. The great blood-letting of 1914-18 told its story and did its terrible work."

Or else it would have started with the passage on Spain that makes much that is said about Spain cruel doctrinaire madness that ruins the thinking of men who are safely a thousand miles across an ocean. Mr. Bevin said: "I have been in the closest possible touch with the Spanish people and my experience is that they dread civil war—and so would you. They lost more people in that civil war than Great Britain lost in the great war." Mr. Bevin spoke against economic sanctions "which will result in penalizing the ordinary man in Spain. . . . I have never been enamoured by talk of withdrawal of ambassadors. I do not think an ambassador is so important as that. We withdrew our ambassador from Russia years ago, but we never changed Russia's policy."

Or it would have been very much to the point if we could have started with the passages on Russia with Mr. Bevin's proclamation "I say that no one nation is going to keep me in a state of war forever with other countries," with his refusal to sanction the dividing of Europe in two. We would have started satisfactorily where Mr. Bevin ended—for never has a peroration sounded less like a device. He spoke of Austria, then of Europe; he spoke for all the world. He said: ". . . we urge a treaty with Austria. Clear the whole Danube basin of troops, and everywhere else. Clear the whole river. Let the people live again. Let trade flow and let it be free. Let the goods flow. Let Europe live again, and living again will be the quickest way to obliterate the memory of Hitler. . . ."

But we could not begin with any of these subjects. We could not even begin with a background, with a picture of how British democracy works,

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with the Foreign Minister reporting to his party, to the representatives of over three million members, debating with the voters in whose name he speaks, obtaining a renewal of his mandate.

We have to begin where the New York newspapers began; we have to begin with the big excitement, the big headline, and, of course, the quote out of context. Our beginning is our end. "Regarding the agitation in the United States, and particularly New York, for 100,000 Jews to be put into Palestine, I hope it will not be misunderstood in America if I say, with the purest of motives, that that was because they did not want too many of them in New York."

In America we are supposed to like the truth. Our only comment, which we hope will calm the pained indignation of some New Yorkers including the Mayor, is to refer those who doubt the truth of Mr. Bevin's statement to anyone who throughout recent years has worked for the innumerable rescue committees which devotedly have sought to obtain entry into this country for any manner of persecuted. The truth is that Americans do not seem to want—so that you would notice it—100,000 refugees of any kind from anywhere. THE COMMONWEAL has wanted them, has worked to bring them here; it has been uphill battle, mainly lost.

Ambassador to the Vatican

IT IS a baffling problem to try to deal logically with the issue of an American or "Presidential" ambassador to the Vatican. It is simple, open and shut, and the simplicity seems to make so little difference.

The Pope is a temporal sovereign and exchanges diplomatic representatives with the nations of the world—including, for many years, the United States of America. Since 1870, the Pope's sovereign country has been completely unimportant, an undefined territory, disputed with the House of Savoy until 1929, and since then a small quarter of one city, albeit so beautiful and magnificent a few acres of so great a city that almost as such it warrants recognition. It is not exclusively the size and physical power of a country which determines the utility of maintaining regular diplomatic relations with it.

The fact that the Pope is head of the Catholic Church which has several hundred million members, at least 24 millions of them in the powerful USA, supplements his importance as monarch of the 108.7 acres of Vatican City.

Logically, the greater influence the Pope has over the extra-Vatican City members of the Church, the more certainly should the President of the United States keep a qualified representative near the papal government.

Church *and* State: as Cardinal Spellman reemphasized, the post of ambassador to the English king, who is also head of the Anglican Church, is about the most constant and coveted in the American service. Until Pearl Harbor, our government maintained and considered most essential the ambassadorship to the Japanese Emperor, who was sovereign of the Japanese Empire and at the same time not merely head on earth but in addition the god of the Japanese religion. Bishop Oxnam and the *Christian Century* and those other people appear to be expressing a matter of taste and not principle when they call for unequal discrimination against the head of Vatican City and the Catholic Church.

Catholics as Catholics, in America and all over the world, are not flattered by the crude and unfriendly evidence of their special distaste. As Americans whose citizenship has so far gone unchallenged by Legislature, Executive or Judiciary, THE COMMONWEAL protests the religious discrimination and civic contention and ostrich isolationism yelled for by the people who campaign against the retention of Mr. Taylor in Rome.

This is really indeed an astonishing time to tell American Catholics—as most American Catholics can't help but feel they are being told—that we are basically, underneath it all, untrue Americans. It's almost impossibly banal to wave the flag after this patriotic period of war, but the attack is made at a level which demands a pretty vulgar answer. We challenge comparisons of war records and saluting to the flag, etc., if that's the kind of thing they want.

The separation of Church and State: just what is this secular dogma of these vociferous Protestant antagonists who claim we blaspheme? Is America pledged to a policy of refusing to admit that the Catholic Church and the Pope of Rome exist? Is an American citizen supposed to carry a constant and active animus against Church as his loyalist symbol? The "two swords" have not been established in Western and Christian civilization to encourage hacking and slashing at each other.

> The separation of Church and State in this country does not and never did mean opposition or hostility on the part of the State toward the Church and its policies. It means, what Article VI of the Constitution declares, that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust in the United States," and what is contained in the First Amendment which reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Neither in the letter of the law nor in the tradition of its administration is there any trace of opposition to the Catholic Church or of any attempt to ignore the Church or to subject it to the State. [*Cardinal Spellman.*]

It is almost impossible to accept as a finally determined fact the extraordinary and archaic bias (Do we fear the Spanish Armada, or the raids of the Seven Nations spurred by papist

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French woodsmen of the North and West?) of our Protestant neighbors who in many other respects manifest such distinct good will and so great maturity of judgment.

There are doubtless some creedal differences in ideal and attitude concerning separation, distinction, competition, proper rôle, cooperation of Church and State between all the Churches of America, and between them and the secularists into whose hands our antagonists are now playing. We had always thought that one of the distinctly great things about the country, one of those things that justifiably stir the loyalty and love of all the people, was the tolerance and restraint and sympathy and good reasonable sense which groups have had for one another, even when they did differ in the interpretation of what is. Those conducting the remarkable campaign against Taylor's re-appointment are attacking a most proper means to help in the pursuit of international peace; they are working for a weakening of the Republic; they are kicking away a good thing America has; they are ill serving Christianity. They are very wrong.

New Line?

THOSE who follow liberal opinion in the United States must recently have noticed what seems to be a new line on the part of the *Nation.* For a good many years this weekly has, with occasional deviations, been sympathetic and friendly to Russian policy and hence, by consequence, to the Communist Party line. Particularly has this been true during the years when the handling of foreign affairs for this journal has been shockingly entrusted to Mr. J. Alvarez del Vayo, which Spanish politician-in-exile has been pretty close to a henchman for Juan Negrín.

For longer than it has been friendly to Russia—indeed for much of its long history—the *Nation* has been suspicious of the Catholic Church, especially of its hierarchy and of the Vatican. This suspicion has not taken the form of obsession, as it has with such journals as *The Protestant,* but it has always been deep-seated. Now, the *Nation* seems to have turned against communism — for however short an interval—and is currently coupling communism with Catholicism as the great enemies of freedom and truth. This is most explicitly stated in a long editorial published in the *Nation's* June 15 issue and analyzing the results of the French and Italian elections. Here are a few key sentences:

> The political pattern that seems to be developing is one of rivalry between two theocracies—communism and Catholicism . . . [Europeans] are seeking a faith to live by and are, therefore, attracted by parties that offer them a dogma. They tend increasingly to look either to the Vatican or to the Kremlin. . . . As a result, the outlook for social democracy in Western Europe, for the growth of states where social ownership of the means of production is combined with the enhancement of civil liberty, is far from reassuring. For in the matter of civil liberty neither Communists nor Catholics can be trusted. . . . . The truth is that freedom is stifled by doctrines of infallibility whether they emanate from Rome or Moscow. . . . We can only hope that the two rival ideologies, at present fairly evenly matched, will by a process of mutual exhaustion prepare the ground for a reaction to the skeptical, libertarian tradition which is Western Europe's greatest contribution to civilization.

In the same issue we find Mr. Harold Laski gravely exercised over Russian foreign policy, which he comes painfully close to calling aggressive and imperialistic. We find Mr. del Vayo sneering at the French MRP and making some predictions which so far have not worked out—Mr. del Vayo never cares how far he sticks his neck out. We find a correspondent who describes himself as a "groggy but still convinced liberal" reporting black things about Tito's Yugoslavia and we find a sympathetic interview with a Negro Catholic priest in Louisiana (the tradition of a noble lower clergy, as distinguished from its leadership, is perennial in the liberal philosophy).

It would seem, then, that the editorial quoted above is not altogether a flash in the pan. Perhaps the editors of the *Nation* are beginning to realize that Russian communism is indeed the bitter enemy of freedom. But what must puzzle any reader not intoxicated by words is the glib way in which these same editors can improvise false analogies. *Theocracy,* for example, is a word better suited to certain historic Protestant sects and to certain non-Christian religions than it is either to Catholicism or to Communism; especially is it inapplicable to the latter, which officially continues atheistic. And to suggest that Papal infallibility, with its carefully limited field of reference, is the same thing as the crushing infallibility of a police state is to be even more naïve. That the Church has through highly placed leaders supported tyrants in the political field is of course true; but when you say this, you should also point out occasions where both hierarchy and people have acted quite otherwise, nor is it necessary to dig back into the Middle Ages to produce examples. Moreover there is absolutely no doctrinal reason why Catholics should be forced to follow episcopal or clerical support of tyranny; the continued existence of Don Sturzo's party underground in Italy through all the years of fascism ought to be sufficient evidence of that. Whereas in Stalinist doctrine there is indeed no room for deviation once a line has been determined. But what is most regrettable about the *Nation's* new attitude is its consistent refusal to accept the simple fact that within the Christian tradition have historically lain the seeds of freedom, and hence its refusal to admit that anything good can come out of Bethlehem.

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Between East and West

The unique position of the Austrian people

Ernst Karl Winter

ALL OF the capitals of the area formerly pressed between the German and the Russian orbits — Danubian Europe — have been freed by the Red Army alone, in accordance with the Teheran agreement. Prague, Budapest, Warsaw, Bucharest and Sofia lie entirely within the new Russian sphere of interest; yet Vienna, for centuries the focal point of Danubian spiritual life, does not belong solely within this sphere of interest but is vitally linked as well to the context of the Western World. The difference, then, between Vienna and her sister capitals will probably—and short of some new catastrophe, certainly—for a long time determine the destiny of Central Europe.

As a result of Russian liberation, Austrians were given a national government earlier than the Western powers seem originally to have intended. The Moscow declaration, it will be recalled, required the Austrians to make a contribution to their own liberation; since the Red Army was the only witness to the events which transpired, it alone could, and did, solemnly testify to the fulfilment of this stipulation. And thus Dr. Karl Renner's Provisional Government came into existence "under Russian auspices." From the outset it was a coalition of the three anti-nazi parties, the Social Democrats, the Christian Socialists and the Communists. It was led by a veteran statesman who had already served as chancellor immediately after World War I. And there is no question that Austria's position today would not be so desperate as it is, had the other Allies, advancing from the West and the South, responded equally constructively to the situation they encountered.

Unhappily for Austria, Russia's "unilateral action" which enabled the Renner Government to take office produced an exactly opposite effect upon the other powers, which had just executed their about-turn from a policy of agreeing to all Russian demands to a new policy of "toughness"; the result was a marked reluctance on their part to recognize the new government and the emergence of a policy of suppressing its influence outside the Russian zone. Indeed recognition was delayed for months, until elections had been held in accordance with the Austrian constitution and a new government under Leopold Figl, leader of the Catholic peasants, had taken office as Chancellor and Dr. Renner had been installed by the new parliament as federal President of the Austrian Republic. Naturally Austrians then cherished the hope that the promise of the Moscow declaration would at last be made good and that the newly-recognized Austrian government would be allowed to assume the political administration and economic reorganization of the country as a whole, despite the fact that it was partitioned into four military zones of occupation.

A year has now passed since Austria was liberated. This hope has proved vain. In consequence the situation has degenerated to the point where some sections of the country, including Vienna and its industrial neighborhood, are on the verge of famine. The cutting up of this small country not merely into four administrative units occupied by the armies of four foreign powers but nearly into four sovereign states, which, under foreign administration, have to barter with each other, has effectively nullified the promises given at Moscow. If this ill-advised policy of partition is not thoroughly overhauled during the coming months, there is a terrible danger of still more sufferings ahead. For should the Austrian government be prevented from taking over the whole country pretty soon, and from rebuilding it economically, the suffering of last winter will be repeated in even worse form during the next.

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Despite the difficulties arising from partition, the Figl Government has rebuilt the nation's political life admirably. Its first task was to revive the republican constitution which had served Austria between 1920 and 1933 and which had then suffered the blows of two revolutionary interludes: that of the authoritarian régime and that of the nazi state. This alone constituted an unparalleled achievement. The second task was to make the idea of coalition government—the very foundation on which had been erected the primary accomplishment—become the flywheel of political life throughout the nation and on all levels, federal, provincial and municipal. Precisely as after the first world war, the realism of Austria's people and political parties—the deep instinct of a mature race exerting itself once more after cruel

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punishment for past mistakes—has again produced a coalition régime, this time called for even more clearly by circumstances and possessed of even more far-reaching implications.

This coalition reflects the fact that the population is almost equally divided between the Right and the Left—although the use of such terms is somewhat misleading, since the bulk of the Right is far from being reactionary and the bulk of the Left by no means communist. Leadership now lies with the Austrian People's Party (formerly the Christian Socialists) and the Austrian Socialist Party (formerly the Social Democrats) together with a numerically negligible yet, because of Russian occupation, a politically influential Communist Party as a third partner. In such a setup any majority party necessarily has to abandon all doctrinaire ideas of "authority by 51 percent" (once so jealously fostered by Chancellor Seipel). Whatever group may find itself with a slim majority must make concessions to the 49 percent minority if it would work out a common national policy with which the bulk of Austrians will willingly cooperate. Thus already within a year each of the major parties has had its share of responsibility for leadership and has formed a government; and this interchange of position strikes me as affording real hope for Austria's future. After all, the overwhelming majority of Austrians will always be equally interested in the social reforms primarily originating with the Left and in the religious and cultural values primarily defended by the Right. The present Catholic Chancellor and Socialist President constitute as good a team as some reverse combination may later do if the electorate decides to reverse the situation.

Had it not been for this generally accepted and perhaps unique idea of coalition—which I believe to be Austria's most valuable contribution to today's world politics—the Austrian government could never have succeeded in gradually extending its political authority from Vienna to the eight provinces, two provinces each being occupied by the four Allies. Provincial governments exist in all of these provinces, each of them modeled upon the Vienna coalition and each of them under provincial governors elected by the various provincial diets and confirmed by the federal government. In one short year the constitutional relation between the central government and the provincial governments, although still under the supervision of the occupying powers, is a living thing. And the present emphasis on provincial autonomy—natural consequence of the four occupational zones—is by no means contrary to Austrian tradition, so long as the federal government and the political parties are able to make their proper impress upon the whole country. Provincial "separatism" (there has been irresponsible talk of Salzburg's replacing "Red Vienna" as the capital) could be successful only if imposed by one of the occupying powers.

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The clearest evidence of the Austrian coalition's political vitality lies in its ability to pursue its own foreign policy despite its dependence even in trifles upon the Allied Control Council. Most of the actions of the Austrian government with regard to foreign policy must have arisen from its own initiative and without encouragement (to put it mildly) on the part of the occupying powers, because it is incredible that the latter would or could have given their consent to them. Need we be surprised that the responsible leaders of an adult and self-respecting people should have taken things into their own hands when international red tape stood in the way of their even being heard by the rest of the world?

Thus representatives of Austria suddenly popped up in Geneva to request admission to the last session of the League of Nations. Even more important, a carefully planned campaign in the South Tyrol garnered pro-Austrian signatures from practically every native adult in that area, including thousands of persons speaking Italian rather than German, and this under the very noses of the Allied intelligence service and of a jealous foreign government. The purpose was to prove beyond shadow of a doubt the Austrian loyalties of the lands south of the Brenner Pass. When, in Innsbruck, Chancellor Figl was handed the volumes containing those 150,000 signatures, smuggled over the ridges of the Alps, he certainly must have been proud of this achievement by his government and by his party. Under impossibly difficult conditions, at a moment when the various world powers were unanimous only in their agreement to repeat the 1918 injustice with regard to the Tyrol, the stubbornness of its peasant inhabitants and their unshakable will not to belong to Italy were proved to the hilt. Whatever the ultimate peace conference may decide, the moral victory of Austria and of the Tyrolese has already been won.

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Yet the weakness of the present Austrian government in the economic field, where it has been much easier to frustrate its initiative and its talents, offers a bitter contrast to this political success. And since only economic success can really turn the tide for Austria, here is the tragedy. For in the long run economic matters must be paramount in a nation which can only survive through the most intelligent and industrious use of its resources. Surely it is not claiming too much for the Austrian people if we insist upon their natural right to exercise their economic sovereignty in order to provide themselves with such necessities of life as lie within their grasp. Although Aus-

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tria, like many another nation, is not completely self-sufficient in agriculture, she possesses natural resources and an industrial potential which could amply enable her to buy the additional foodstuffs she needs abroad. But this she can do only if allowed to work out her own economic destiny without undue foreign interference.

Here, alas, the conflicting interests of the great world powers can completely upset all Austria's efforts. Yet it is frequently forgotten, at least in conservative circles, that both capitalism and communism are aggressive. The social tradition of Central Europe has never committed itself totally either to capitalism or to communism, and particularly is this true of Austria because both world tendencies are injurious to any economic rebuilding of a small nation lying midway between East and West. Were Austria to be completely incorporated into the Russian orbit, or were she again to be prey to the exploitation of Western capitalism, she would equally be crushed. (It is worth while recalling today the methods employed by Western capitalism in Austria between the two wars. It was by these more than any other means that the Anschluss was economically prepared, as I have shown recently in the Austro-American *Tribune,* April 1946.)

As long as Austria is prevented from pursuing an economic policy of her own, appropriate to her border position between East and West, she will prove a heavy liability to the world. This liability, primarily economic, can be escaped only by letting millions of people starve. UNRRA has already partly recognized this, and if this organization is allowed to expire, the situation will be even worse next year. And it must be remembered that the mere continuance of economic distress, even if alleviated by international charity, will inevitably turn Austria into a political liability. There is no greater mistake than to believe that handouts can ever compensate for blundering injustice.

Were Austria to be permitted to work out her economic salvation, she would doubtless do it in the same realistic fashion as that in which she has already done so much politically. The method would be coalition and cooperation. The test would of course be greater, but I have no doubt that it would be met with equal success through a compromise between the interests of labor and those of property on the basis of a national conception of the country's economy. For if you refuse to commit yourself either to communism or to capitalism, in reality you accept both in certain areas, in order to steer a straight course between their extremes. Politically and economically, Austria can only be a republic of peasants and workers with the small middle class principally interested in the prosperity of both.

The peasants and the workers are forced to create an economic policy inter-relating each other's interests and aiming at expanded mutual production for the country's internal market. On the periphery, however, it would be quite feasible to work with both capitalism and communism. The Austrian people possess certain economic interests in the fields of luxury and quality production which require close connections with the upper brackets of consumption in the Western world; they possess other interests in heavy and mass production which, now that Germany has disappeared as a buyer, admirably suit the needs of the East. Yet in both instances Austria wants to make her own contracts. It is just as foolish to assert that Austria's soil or natural resources like oil are "German assets" as it is to force upon her certain capitalist standards, as, for instance, in the management of her press, improperly mixing an economic interest in investment with a political interest in "reeducation." There is, indeed, a wide range for contractual cooperation in both directions as long as it leaves undisturbed the Austrian pattern of an independent nation with a sovereign economic policy.

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To many readers this may sound utopian. Yet it would be even more impractical to squeeze Austria into either of today's world orbits. More than any other country Austria, if she is to survive, depends upon long-term cooperation between the world's powers. And Austria, small as she is, can herself contribute much to cooperation between the East and the West by her own effective cooperation between Right and Left at so focal a point in Central Europe. Indeed Austria may eventually achieve a greater independence, both politically and economically, than many another small country totally within a single sphere of interest. To belong to both spheres might mean freedom from too heavy exactions by either. I believe this to be one of the reasons why the world powers seem to be having so much difficulty in fulfilling their promise of Austrian independence. On account of Austria's geographical middle position, that independence might turn out to be much more real than anyone had ever bargained for. Yet it seems to me inevitable that the powers will finally leave Austria to her own fate, a fate in which the destiny of the whole world is to some extent reflected. Were the powers fully to understand this interrelationship, they might perhaps better their own chances of working together by accelerating the pace of Austrian independence, in which much of the future well-being of all Central Europe is involved.

As the world looks now, confronted perhaps with a long stalemate in the achievement of peace, the hope for such an understanding seems to fade out. There is no other people which in the short-range view will be as much the victim of this

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failure as the Austrian. Yet as long as Austria exists, even in her present form, there is one situation left where the powers have to agree and where they cannot separate finally. Out of this fragmentary existence of Austria something positive will develop, even from the lack of any other constructive agreement among the powers, and gradually become the nucleus for the mutual recognition that even spheres of interest have to cooperate in the long run.

Under all circumstances Austria's position as an independent German-speaking nation linking Germany proper and the world will require not only adequate provision for Austrian national pride and honor but also for her economic stability.

If the world wishes to prevent Austria's political democracy—so quickly rebuilt—from becoming a farce, she must be granted economic sovereignty. Of course all the problems of Central Europe would be vastly complicated for the great powers were the present coalition régime in Austria to fall apart. And indeed it may not survive a second year if its fruits, however sweet politically, remain as economically sour as they are at present.

London Commentary

J. L. BENVENISTI

BRITAIN at the moment is in the process of a rather painful spiritual adjustment. We are waking up to the fact that we are no longer a great power. Many people are simply refusing to face this, and when I mention the matter in lectures I am likely to cause a certain amount of irritation and even anger. But the facts are undeniable.

It is ridiculous for our little island, with its few distant sister commonwealths, to pretend that it can rank in power with the huge concentrated potentials of Russia and the United States. For a time our relative weakness in numbers could be counter-weighted by our accumulated wealth and relatively high industrial potential. Machines could take the place of men. But we are far from having a monopoly of that expedient, and the sooner we realize it the better.

Another factor that is operating here is our impoverishment, which would be easier to stomach if the growing shabbiness of our daily lives were not being accompanied by a very definite intellectual shabbiness. I was recently asked by the editors of this paper to say something about the current literary life of Britain, what books were being published, what new periodicals, and so on, to which I replied that this was like asking me to write about citrus-growing in Greenland or Patagonian chamber music. Literary life in England is at the moment a desert. In part this is due to such factors as paper and labor shortages (the sight of a British railway bookstall is one to bring tears to the eyes) and also to destruction by bombing. All of these things have affected not only the supply of new books but of old ones as well. I recently saw an advertisement in THE COMMONWEAL of a reprint of "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights." In London these books are unobtainable, either new or secondhand. Trollope is also unobtainable. It would be grim, but not unpleasant, irony if as a result of the loan we could obtain a supply of Trollope and Brontë from America.

There is, I think, a definite cause for this. The novel is both the expression and the reflection of an organized social life which is sure of itself and of what it stands for. All good novels have tended to reflect that assurance, sometimes sympathetically, sometimes satirically and with hatred, and if it is not there at least somewhere in the background, the great novel (at least, so it seems to me) simply cannot be produced.

Thanks to the decline in Britain of the middle class, which taxation is crushing out of existence, this organized and self-assured, and even self-assertive, society is ceasing to exist. There are, of course, isolated groups, political and artistic, who are organized and who are certainly self-assertive, but these cannot provide the necessary canvas for the novelist's brush. The rest of us are no longer even organized. I notice that my own friends, like myself, are leading more and more isolated lives. We occasionally visit or telephone each other, but we do not get together any longer, we do not form a society any more, the kind of society that I still remember from my boyhood. And for that reason we can no longer supply the novelist's material or inspiration.

Publishers tell me that there is a growing interest in Victorian literature, and I can well understand this. People are subconsciously searching for those very elements which they are missing in their own lives, the assurance, the stability, the elements of spaciousness and leisure without which great positive and dramatic personalities cannot come into being, and it is to my mind profoundly significant that Somerset Maugham in his last novel, "The Razor's Edge," had to choose not Englishmen but Americans as his material, for these qualities of spaciousness and leisure are still present in American life. They have disappeared from ours.

Now I lament the passing of the novel not merely because there thus perishes a great art form and a great source of pleasure. I lament it because it implies the decay of a human faculty of great intrinsic and, as I believe, great biological worth. It implies the decay of that faculty of shrewd, loving and yet somewhat detached ob-

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servation which we call realism—the faculty for accepting things as they are and, what is more to the point, being interested in them as they are. It is a quality very close to Christian charity, and is, I hold, the essential quality of the aristocrat.

Unfortunately I notice a fading of this quality in other departments than that of literature. It seems to me that with the passing of the aristocratic type there has grown up a much greater capacity for illusion, a readiness to be governed by phrases and to put mere attitudes in the place of critical examination and constructive thought. In earlier articles here I have noted this tendency when I spoke of the probable effects of our proposed state medical services and of the schemes for increasing educational facilities. I said that without knowing it people were going to level down instead of leveling up, and that the whole thing would result in a general destruction of quality. That this should happen with so little protest, so little sense of excellence and of how things really work, I put down to that waning sense of reality of which I have just spoken.

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And yet with all these faults I would not say that we are living in a wholly uncreative age. I believe that in the political sphere a definitely creative spirit is at work. I do not think Americans realize sufficiently that we here in Western Europe are developing our own highly distinctive outlook, which is neither American nor Russian, but is wholly *sui generis*. The distinctive social forms which are arising here, the forms which some call liberal socialism, but I prefer to call humanistic socialism, are the logical consequence of that outlook. For the essence of those forms is that they seek to reconcile a passionate belief in the dignity and freedom of the individual with the technical planning which in a society of scarce means is indispensable if everyone is to have a decent standard of life.

We West Europeans are being drawn together by this community of outlook as well as by the fact that we can only give expression to it by concerted action. For we are beginning to believe that it is only by the creation of a great unitary trading area in Western Europe and by a common planning in the use of our resources that we can achieve our purely material aim. That is why the idea of the "Western Association," comprising France, Britain, the Low Countries and Scandinavia, has, despite Soviet discouragement, for the past three years never really relinquished its hold over our minds.

I would like to mention here a publication called "Labour's Foreign Policy," by the well-known Socialist writer, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who once more revives this idea of the "Western Association" in an extremely compelling form. Mr. Cole starts off his little work by recognizing the same brutal facts to which I drew attention at the beginning of this article, namely that Britain must reconcile herself to the status of a secondary power. There are, he points out, and as I have pointed out, only two great powers in the world today and not really three at all. Great Britain, therefore,

> confronted with these two "great powers" which cannot be vied with in terms of power, must seek to constitute itself the spokesman of the militarily weaker nations, and especially to build up with those among them with which British contacts are closest for reasons of culture or history positive forms of intimate collaboration in both political and economic affairs.

Mr. Cole then goes on to work out the idea of a planned West European area very much along the lines that I have described.

What, however, makes Mr. Cole's pamphlet particularly interesting and topical at the moment is the manner in which he seeks to fit the problem of Germany into this general scheme, and it is obvious to anybody that until such a Western Association has got a clear and coherent policy about Germany it will not work at all.

Now, Britain and France are at the moment divided on only one issue, this very issue of Germany. Britain is committed to German unity, France to the separation of the Ruhr and Rhineland from the Reich and to the setting-up of what would really be a French strategic frontier on the Rhine. Heaven knows, France's desire is understandable. She is really only asking for the thing that Foch and Clemenceau asked for twenty-seven years ago, and asked for in vain. And there cannot be many Frenchmen who do not wish that these men had got their desire.

Moreover, the French demand is almost reasonable compared with the inhuman and ruinous amputations that have been made in the East. They are, after all, only saying that what is sauce for the Russian goose might, in a very attenuated form, be sauce for the French gander.

Britain's policy with regard to Germany is rather less understandable, for after the rape of her Eastern Provinces, neither Britain nor anybody else can afford to see a united Germany that is militarily strong, or even potentially strong. Such a Germany would only re-emerge one day as a militant power, thirsting for a war of revenge. Consequently, the only kind of united Germany that Britain, Russia or anyone else is at all likely to tolerate is a Germany reduced to economic slavery.

Yet, apart from the moral issue involved, Germany cannot remain meek and enslaved without impoverishing Britain. She cannot remain weak and enslaved without impoverishing the whole of Europe. But Britain, as the principal trading nation, would suffer rather more acutely than anybody else. Further, neither Britain nor

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anybody else, except possibly Russia, is going to undertake the policing of Germany in perpetuity.

In these circumstances, a separation of the Ruhr and Rhineland from the rest of Germany may be the lesser of two evils. Most people have hitherto rejected this solution because they have always held that it would outrage the legitimate pride and patriotism of the inhabitants, and would merely make the Rhineland into a second Danzig. But it is just here that Cole makes his most important point. He says, in effect, "give the Rhinelanders an object on which their pride can fasten by letting the Ruhr and the Rhineland develop their resources as part of a concerted plan for a reconstructed Europe built up on liberal Socialist principles, and you not only overcome the problem of wounded susceptibilities but give Germany first-hand experience of the very values which it is to her own and everybody else's interest that she should acquire."

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All this is in accord with a technique not unknown to criminal reformers. Much has on occasion been achieved by giving the delinquent a worth-while job and a sense of responsibility, and, though so far the method has been tried only with individuals and not with nations, the idea of reorienting the hitherto perverted German will by means of this kind is immensely fascinating. Indeed, it seems to me more fruitful than any suggestion I have yet heard.

Cole's plan, moreover, is that this separation of Germany's industrial areas should not continue for all time. Behind his scheme there lurks the idea that Ruhr and Rhineland should form the head and heart of a new Germany, but that other members should not be joined on to it until head and heart have been truly regenerated. The scheme should have a particular attraction for the Catholic, for after all the Rhineland is itself Catholic, and this scheme's adoption would give Germany a new Catholic center of gravity.

Yet attractive as is this idea, we must face up to reality. The whole plan is based on the conception of a "Western Association" run on liberal Socialist lines. The proposed solution of the German problem hinges on that. It hinges on Germany learning the advantages of cooperating for a worthwhile human object within a commonwealth of sister nations. It is meaningless if Germany or that part of Germany with which we are here concerned, is left in isolation.

Yet this "Western Association" on which the whole thing turns immediately brings us up against the Russians and their horror, real or simulated, of the "Western Bloc," and we can only overcome that opposition with vigorous American backing. This backing will be equally necessary whether the world is to be divided into two zones or the theoretic unity of the Big Three remains. Would America provide it?

There must be no false pretences here. It is a liberal Socialist "Western Association," or nothing. A "Western Association" not animated by this positive common creed is stillborn. Can America enter into the spirit of such a thing? Or will the merest suggestion of a Socialist afflatus irrevocably repel her?

I could write a great deal on this subject, but here will content myself with saying this. It seems to me that America's anti-socialist bias reposes not so much on any genuine moral principle as on an imperfect analysis of facts. I think many Americans do not realize that free capitalism worked in their own country simply because of that country's natural abundance. Where there are opportunities of vast returns, free capitalism will do its job, and in a wealthy country like America its inherent wastefulness will not matter very much. Its success in America is the result of purely local conditions (the opening up of new territory provided analogous conditions for the flourishing of capitalism in Britain) and it is a mistake to expect similar results where those conditions do not obtain.

When Americans realize this, they will be better equipped to understand what is going on in Europe, and above all what is going on in Britain. I hope that day will not be unduly delayed.

Communications

MEXICO

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: May I call the attention of your readers to the Fifth Annual Mexican Tour and Seminar which I shall conduct from August 2 to August 16? The trip to and from Mexico City will be by airplane. The all-inclusive price per person will be $485. Besides Mexico City and the Shrine of Guadalupe, the group will visit other principal centers including Taxco, Puebla, and Orizaba. Extension tours may be arranged. This seminar, which will be limited to sixteen persons, is designed to give an understanding of Mexico and its problems from a Catholic point of view. Reservations may now be made by addressing me in care of the Catholic University of America, Washington 17, D. C.

THE REV. JAMES A. MAGNER.

ON PREJUDICE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Catholicism must mean more than the holding of a baptismal certificate. We must get back to the brave old pattern of life. Father Dunne, Father Trese and Father Reinhold emphasize our duties. They have stirred COMMONWEAL readers. Their presentation would stir any reader.

Sister Thomas Aquinas (June 7) asks if you will have

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off-prints. There's fight behind that simple question—fight that most of your readers would be glad to join in.

Will you furnish the ammunition?

ANTHONY J. GOREN.

THE COMMONWEAL *is always happy to supply reprints of articles when a sufficient quantity is ordered to make the production of such reprints feasible. Because of trouble and expense it is not feasible to make reprints in anticipation of demand.*—THE EDITORS.

WATT IN WONDERLAND

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: The article "Watt in Wonderland" in THE COMMONWEAL of May 31 was brought to my attention upon my return to the office after an absence of several weeks attending the meeting of the Governing Body of the International Labor Organization in Montreal.

While I honestly don't believe Mr. Downing was at all correct in imputing that my address before the US Chamber of Commerce was an adventure in "Wonderland," the printing of his very curious essay in THE COMMONWEAL made me think I had really arrived in "Wonderland."

With all the polite words of his second paragraph about me, it may seem ungracious for me to question Mr. Downing's own brand of reasoning. I feel I must do so because I believe it is a most obvious case of misrepresentation of the kind which one expects to find in the *Daily Worker*. I suggest that Mr. Downing should be much more careful about words and especially about using other people's words out of context.

My thesis was that "real collective bargaining would protect the integrity of political democracy by divorcing the machinery of civil government from economic management in the field of employer-worker relations. It will help conserve the values of property by sustaining a balance between the wages of labor and the prices of goods which will enable workers to consume the output of their efforts."

Despite Mr. Downing, I really don't know where such a message would be more usefully delivered than to a group of business men attending the annual meeting of the US Chamber of Commerce. I see nothing strange or sinister in my trying to sell a program to employers even if some of them are stubborn or reactionary. While I often bring "coals to Newcastle," I must confess I often talk to people whose ideas are not the same as mine, and I hope my talking sometimes does influence them somewhat.

But my complaint against Mr. Downing is that by quoting a few phrases he assumes that I have claimed that "the recent strikes were the work of communists." What I said was, "Some difficulty in advancing industrial peace can be expected because of the struggle by communist agents for control of the labor movement or for as large a domination as they can attain. The spread of strikes early this year was not due entirely to economic causes which usually are responsible for unrest among American workers. Some of them were purely political demonstrations for the purpose of weakening American prestige in other lands at a time which coincided with the needs of those who are devoted to the class struggle."

As a labor member of the National War Labor Board and of the National Defense Mediation Board which preceded it, I believe I may say that I did have an opportunity to understand some of the difficulties which stood in the way of "advancing industrial peace." I remember well our industrial troubles. And I recall recently that at least one strike was actually and officially a demonstration "to bring the G.I.'s home." I also recall a threat to strike if the municipal authorities of New York dared to sell some powerhouses.

As for my views on unions in politics, I said, "Another factor in advancing the cause of industrial peace is political. How far trade unions get into politics as trade unions without a mandate from their members and depend upon political favors and political pap will be an important factor. If some trade unions are going to operate as political parties without accepting the responsibilities and limitations of a political organization in order to maintain government support, it will surely contribute to greater confusion in industrial relations—if that is possible. Perhaps it would help advance industrial peace if trade unions operating as political organizations quit being a trade union or frankly admit their identity as a hybrid. Then like the mule they may be without pride of paternity or hope of posterity.

"While amendments of existing laws and legislation providing essential foundations for the well-being of the people as a whole are necessary, we do not need more federal legislation in the field of employer-worker relations. We should profit by our recent mistakes and avoid trying to write laws to cure what is troubling us before we even find out or do anything about what is causing the trouble. While better administration and inspection of laws we have is needed, in order that employers and workers who maintain decent conditions may not be exposed to unfair competition, our objective should be to have less government over and interference with legitimate collective bargaining."

I would suggest that Mr. Downing's expedition to the land of make-believe was a bit shoddy and not exactly in line with what I presume would be the aims of your publication.

ROBERT J. WATT,
International Representative,
American Federation of Labor.

TO the Editors: The first thing I want to say about Mr. Watt's letter is that I was not employing "polite words" in my second paragraph. What I said there I meant. My article, as I pointed out, was based on material in the New York *Times,* and it comes to me, even now, as something of a shock that it was not so accurate as I had supposed.

I think that what Mr. Watt actually said about communists and some strikes is true. But I am not at all certain that it is as important as having the public under-

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stand the deep and real reasons for most of the strikes—strikes wholly unconnected with communists. Nor do I think that trade unions are operating, or intending to operate as "political parties." They are actually working within the framework of the two party system. What I wrote about that aspect of the thing, then, I cannot now retract.

Nor do I agree that my article was "shoddy." I have too much respect for myself to engage in that sort of thing.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Screen

All Passion Spent

IT'S A pleasure to be able to report this week on three films that were obviously designed for adults. You may not agree with the pictures' attitude toward life or particularly care for their stories; but the material and techniques are mature, and they provide entertainment that does not talk down to its audience. Perhaps that alone is cause for celebration.

"Stormy Waters" is another of the foreign films (with English sub-titles) that M-G-M International is distributing in this country. Like "It Happened at the Inn" and "The Last Chance" (also imported and released here by M-G-M) this French movie is impressive for its simplicity and good acting. Simplicity is carried even a step farther this time, in that the plot (like the short stories of Elizabeth Bowen and practically any of *The New Yorker* writers) has no beginning or end. It is just an episode—or really two episodes: the first, showing the rescue of a ship in a stormy sea by a salvage tugboat under Captain Renaud's command; and the second depicting the passionate love affair between Renaud and the wife of the rescued captain. Director Jean Gremillon stresses characterization; and what the film lacks in action (it is very talky in spite of the exciting sea scenes) it more than makes up for in understanding for people and emotions. The cast is excellent: Jean Gabin as the virile captain, much loved by his men for whom he, in turn, has great concern as he strives to be their leader in all respects; Madeleine Renaud (whose real name is the same as the character's) as his wife, so intensely in love with her husband that she cannot bear to tell him of her heart ailment or her fear of dying alone some day; Michèle Morgan as the mysteriously fascinating woman who comes into Renaud's life hating her own mean husband, loving Renaud even as she sends him back to his sick wife; and a host of minor players whose fine performances add to the richness of atmosphere in and around this Brest locale. I have not read Roger Vercel's "Remorques" on which Jacques Prevert based his screenplay but it is to the credit of all concerned with this movie that its delicate theme is handled seriously and never once cheapened by vulgarity. The understatement throughout "Stormy Waters" and particularly the ending might serve as a model to film makers who see all life and movies through boy-meets-girl glasses.

"Specter of the Rose" was written, directed and produced by Ben Hecht. If you saw any of his earlier pictures made with Charles MacArthur ("The Scoundrel," "Crime Without Passion," etc.) you know what to expect—and you get it: a literate, interesting film with too much talk (mostly amusing), a lot of puerile melodrama mixed with artiness and flashes of brilliance in acting and character bits. The result is not good cinema, but good entertainment and certainly something to see. Mr. Hecht goes to the ballet (back stage and on) this time, to tell the story of a mad dancer, supposed to be the greatest dancer alive—and also, alas, supposed to have killed his late wife. A young ballerina falls in love with him, marries him and then almost meets her predecessor's fate before the crazed dancer, thinking he is the Rose in "The Spectre," crashes through the window—twenty stories above ground. What takes this tale out of the ordinary are Hecht's trimmings and cast: Judith Anderson as La Belle Sylph, the no-longer-young ballet teacher; Michael Chekhov as the impecunious impresario; Lionel Stander as the poet who utters poetic banalities ("I'm connected with a clumsy institution called life," "My heart performed a minuet in an ashcan," etc., etc., endlessly); and various minor players who play small rôles to perfection—like the man at the wedding dinner who pays the bill and gives a speech on art, and the men from Musicians Local 243 who refuse to perform on opening night. Viola Essen, as the ballerina, poses and dances with beauty; while Ivan Kirov, as the mad genius, has a magnificent physique, but can't act—and his dancing by no means suggests genius. One may wonder why George Antheil's good score, which fits the story, was also used for the standard ballets; but with Lee Garmes's photography, which also fits the story, no flaw can be found. You'll find plenty of flaws in the story itself, and you may even think that things would have been simpler if this dancer had been confined in an asylum like any other insane person—but you won't be bored with Ben Hecht's cinematic *tour de force.*

Amnesia stories have always made lively movie material. The latest, *"Somewhere in the Night,"* proves no exception, and under Joseph Mankiewicz's skilful direction provides the background for some spine-chilling thrills. John Hodiak plays a discharged veteran, who somehow gets out without admitting he doesn't know who he is. Alone and afraid of being alone, he goes to Los Angeles to follow clues and letters that lead to his identity. It would be unfair to give away the plot of these exciting episodes that are marked by recurring people and tingling sequences and finally add up to a nerve-racking whole. Lloyd Nolan, Richard Conte, Fritz Kortner and Nancy Guild (a newcomer in the Lauren Bacall tradition) are among the cast who assist and hinder Hodiak in searching for himself. You may ask many questions about why the hero couldn't go about all this in a more normal way, but you'll agree that his adventures (some of which take place in an aura of vague amnesiac uncertainty) have a disturbing suspense which becomes even more disturbing in the film's broad daylight scenes..

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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After Some Wars

C. G. PAULDING

USUALLY there is only one event that counts; there is one moment of illumination, or of blindness, and after that you look at the world with that memory governing your first reactions to everything that you see. You have your principles and they can exist outside of all experience; you can have your principles from the start, if someone has given them to you, or you can acquire them slowly, but if you have any principles they will be like the Napoleonic Code in a book, they will not be operative, until or unless there has been the moment in which you have put them emotionally into operation or someone else has done so and you have been so close to him that it is as if you had done it yourself.

Until, like the man in Molière, I found that I also belonged to a generation, it puzzled me to read about the generation of '89, the generation of the Risorgimento, or of the Dreyfus Case, because I could not understand why the men of these generations stayed put, no matter how old they grew—with always the same memories, and with everything that ever happened measured by the yardstick of these memories. It was only when I found that this war seemed simple to me—when to younger men it seemed meaningless or complicated—it was only when I became aware that this war meant primarily to me that the Germans would be driven out of France, that it became obvious that I was thinking in terms of the other war, the first world war, the war to which I had given all my understanding, my emotional adherence, to which I had committed myself. For all my life, a mobilization will always mean that first mobilization in 1914 in the French village, for as long as I live, bravery in war, and suffering, will be French bravery and suffering through those long four years; the armistice and victory of any time will always be the day in Paris when the people came out into the streets knowing that at last that war was finished. It is for this reason also that all the other victories, those that have come to us and those that may come, will always seem fragile, doubtful and insecure; because that first one—for the men of my generation—was so beautiful and it turned sour.

The moment in which you feel for the first time that a cause is yours engages you in certain principles and, after the cause has failed—they all fail—the principles remain; they are strengthened. Paradoxically, they are strengthened to the extent that they are no longer closely and exclusively identified with the historical moment—the war, the lost cause—which first brought them their emotional strength. They cover a broader ground; they lose their excessive localization.

For Mr. Herbert Matthews* Spain was the moment of illumination.

Mr. Matthews had been in Italy for the New York *Times;* he had gone there with, for a correspondent, the unusual advantage of knowing the language, the literature and the people of the country to which he was accredited. The young Italian fascism had not interested him; it was a local phenomenon, he thought, and might possibly be a sign of vigor. Then he had covered the Ethiopian war, and there again it did not appear to him that any great moral question was involved. Within the framework of European power politics, Italy was doing what other nations had done; an Italian régime in Ethiopia doubtless would improve the lot of the natives; there would be hospitals, schools and roads and, surely, less cruelty.

The war itself gave him the feeling of danger shared; he did not go so far as the young Mussolini looking at the bombs bursting as if they were flowers, but his, certainly, was the normal American attitude toward a war, the American attitude before Americans had seen too much of wars; Theodore Roosevelt would have shouted loudly—Mr. Matthews is a quiet man—but he would have felt the way Mr. Matthews felt, camping out on the hills, watching the infantry advance up the steep mountains, following the war's strategy and tactics, amused at the absurd broadcasts from men in London and elsewhere which kept predicting that the Abyssinians would win the war. There was nothing "reactionary" in this early stage of Mr. Matthews's career; he was the normal American without an ideology, watching the normal European procedure of bargaining and war; the Abyssinian war was one like so many others—recently there had been the Riff campaign—the fascist experiment was only another authoritarian adventure, and the word authoritarian had as yet no ominous overtones.

At this stage Mr. Matthews was a man of his generation. He had no memory of the world before 1914 by which to measure the exceptional nature of the Mussolini régime. If he thought about that earlier world it would be to assume that Mussolini's police measures, his creation of permanent fear did not essentially differ from those taken by the Austrian Emperors, the Russian Czars, or by Papal repression of Italian insurrection. He could not have been expected perhaps to have seen that what was being done in Italy, long before the Ethiopian war, was not a conservative defense against revolution but the revolutionary installation of the totalitarian ideal.

Then the *Times* sent him to Spain. Mr. Matthews speculates as to what would have happened to his "Education" had the *Times* sent him to cover the Franco side of the campaign. He thinks that it might have taken him longer to recognize in Spain that which he had not recognized in Italy—a totalitarian régime. He was sent, however, to cover the Loyalist campaign. (Incidentally Mr. Matthews's first years in Italy and in Ethiopia absolve the *Times* of any charge that they deliberately selected a pro-Loyalist correspondent.)

In Spain Mr. Matthews wrote what he thought was the truth. He claims that his one pride is that he never wrote anything but what he thought to be the truth at any time in his long career and it has always seemed to me that this claim was justified. But in Spain undoubtedly he felt that the Loyalist cause was the cause of free men

*The Education of a Correspondent. Herbert L. Matthews. Harcourt. $4.00.

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and this was the moment in his life in which he became conscious that the freedom of men all over the world was threatened by the new spirit of the age. The attack was against such elementary institutions of freedom as are parliamentary systems and political parties—many parties among which men freely can choose. And since in Spain this attack was conducted by means of war he felt that freedom could only be defended by the crude instruments of war. Spain was an immense simplification; as such it was entirely unsatisfactory to all those outside Spain who know that guilt is always mixed; as such it compelled the Spanish people to take sides and fight. It compelled also, since it was a war, the sympathies and the adherence of all those who were close enough to see it. It compelled Hitler's sympathies, Mussolini's and Stalin's. Mr. Matthews's sympathies were completely engaged.

It is what happened to Mr. Matthews after the Spanish Civil War that makes "The Education of a Correspondent" so important a book. In Spain Mr. Matthews thought the communists were on the right side; he thought also that Russian aid was too little, too late and that it ended too soon. A lot of people thought as did Mr. Matthews, but because, in a moment of history which to them represented their first choice between freedom or servitude, the communists fought against Franco, they remained convinced that the communists always would be in the fight for freedom. Mr. Matthews disengaged himself from any such crystallization.

An Italian journalist attacking Mr. Matthews wrote that Spain "was the only non-reactionary period of his career." That is, of course, partisan; also it misses the point entirely. American leftist opinion has received this book with similar sneers and dismay. Imagine this man who never failed to give all manner of credit to the communists who fought in Spain now writing: "As a liberal, he is naturally anti-communist and anti-totalitarian in every form. He must hate and fear any way of life which deprives men of freedom, even in order to raise the general well-being or distribute social and economic justice to a somewhat greater extent." Such an attitude, implicit and often explicit throughout Mr. Matthews's book, is that of a man who knows that "the world has changed, and if we have not changed with it, then we were ossified a long time ago and are out of pace." The American fellow-traveler is ossified; Mr. Matthews is not.

When Mr. Matthews went to India he carried with him all the liberal prejudice in favor of the Congress Party and an equal prejudice against the British. But when he reached India he went to work with the technique of a trained correspondent; he traveled; he asked questions; he talked to the British and to the Indians. He found that the Indian problem is not a simple one. His chapters on India are perhaps the most interesting in the book, and it would be a pleasure to comment on them but the import of his Indian experience in an evaulation of his "Education" is primarily that he met it with an open mind. Mr. Matthews is no doctrinaire.

After the Indian travels Mr. Matthews returned to war correspondence, covering the Italian campaign. I find a passing satisfaction in what he says of the bombing of Rome and Monte Cassino because in THE COMMONWEAL we had a great deal to say at the time about bombing in general. Mr. Matthews who went on the Rome raid wrote a preliminary story of which a good half "was a defense of the motives behind the raid and a claim we knew we could and would avoid any destruction of sacred edifices. . . . I regret to say I was somewhat misled . . . when I was told (as we were the evening before by an American brigadier general) that bombing had become an instrument of precision and hence we knew exactly what was going to be destroyed. I believed it . . . we killed some four thousand Romans." As for Monte Cassino: ". . . [it] was destroyed in a bombing raid which will have to be considered one of the black marks against American civilization, for it was not necessary, and the evidence showed that the Germans were not occupying the Abbey . . . for months the ruins provided better shelter and observation than ever for the Germans." In the main Mr. Matthews thinks that it would have been better to have halted the advance through Italy at Rome. That thesis has always been ours.

I have given perhaps a false impression of "The Education of a Correspondent" by insisting so much on its results; actually the bulk of the book is narrative; Mr. Matthews remains always a trained and able correspondent, but he is one who reflects upon what he has seen. The principles, first acquired emotionally through the spectacle of Spain, to which he would devote his life are those that protect and build man's freedom. But he has freed those principles from the doctrinaires who claim them as theirs and theirs alone. "I am not pronouncing a final, dogmatic credo," he writes, "for if I did so I would be guilty of the same attitude that I condemn in socialism, communism and—perhaps above all—in those so-called professional liberals who, in the United States especially, have in recent years taken the rigid pro-Stalin, pro-Chiang Kai-shek, pro-Gandhi, anti-Churchill line, come what may. . . ." The truth is only reached by those with open minds who are willing to learn even from the ones who differ with them." Mr. Matthews, through trial and error, is on the path that leads to the truth.

The Labor Movement

The Perils of Walter

WHEN LAST we left Walter Reuther, new president of the United Auto Workers, CIO, he had just been tied to the railroad tracks by his own executive board and the Thomas-Addes-Leonard Express was bearing down on him at about ninety miles an hour.

It may interest those who have been following the chapters of this thrilling sequel to know that the Express did not actually run over poor Walter and grind him into mincemeat. Results of the last board meeting in Cleveland indicate that the anti-Reuther caucus has not been able to follow through on its victory at Chicago, where on one vote it managed to pile up a discouraging majority of 15 to 5.

This caucus, led by ex-president R. J. Thomas, Secretary-Treasurer George Addes, and Vice-President Rich-

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ard T. Leonard, has not even been able to hold together in its upper echelons, much less in the lower ranks. At Cleveland, for example, Leonard, Norman Matthews and several other Thomas supporters broke away and joined a 13 to 8 majority in favor of retaining Reuther's brother Victor as educational director, rather than replacing him with William Levitt, who had just returned from the Army.

Because of the weighted vote system the division was really much closer, 480 to 407. But even so the results bear out the predictions of those who have maintained that there were at least four or five members of the UAW board who could exercise an independent judgment on anti-Reuther moves made by more reckless members of the Thomas caucus.

Last week the Reuther camp scored another victory when it re-elected August Scholle and Barney Hopkins to head the Michigan State CIO Council. This was in the face of a bitter battle put up by Thomasites and Fosterites in favor of Glenn Sigman and W. G. Grant, the fellow traveler who was once president of the big Ford local.

All of which may be added to the small pile of evidence which indicates that if Reuther can keep his head and just keep rolling along, doing the best he can from day to day, that best should be good enough to fix him somewhat more firmly in the saddle. A good example of not keeping his head, by the way, is a recent reference to some of his opponents as "not fit to wipe my shoes." Somehow that isn't the kind of language one expects from the hero of that stirring saga, "The Perils of Walter."

One Thing and Another

MENTION of the big Ford local brings to mind the unhappy thought that the commies did manage to recapture control of it in the recent elections. At the eleventh hour Leonard, who is also head of the Ford division, left local president Joe McCusker out on the end of a limb in a little matter having to do with the Ford contract, and the comrades quickly and neatly sawed him off. The CP slate took all jobs by about 15,000 to 10,000.

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Mention of unhappy thoughts and commies brings to mind the further fact that they recently won a dominant position in the Packinghouse Workers, CIO (claims 200,000), when they eased Lewis Clark from president to secretary-treasurer and substituted for him the union's lawyer, fellow-traveling Ralph Helstein.

★

Within the last year the CP's have also managed to oust anti-communist leadership in the CIO woodworkers' union (about 75,000). And they came within a hair of unseating Frank McGrath, president of the United Shoe Workers, CIO, in a referendum vote a few weeks back. After the count they cried "foul" and Attorney Harry Sacher (also mouthpiece for Mike Quill) resigned in protest. Furthermore, at the last convention of the shipbuilding workers John Green had a rough time holding onto the helm in the teeth of strong CP opposition.

★

The National Urban League, a reliable outfit, reports that in New York City there are only six Negroes among the 30,000 members of Local 3, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, AFL, and about the same number of union plumbers. There are about 260 Negro carpenters, 300 painters, 120 bricklayers and two plasterers. Other large cities, with the exception of Chicago, are about as bad. Shame, shame on those AFL building trade unions that rob their Negro brothers of the right to work!

★

President Truman made some convincing points in his veto message on the late Case Bill. But he would have cleared up some confusion in this quarter if he had reconciled his own fact-finding proposal (with its 30-day cool-off) and the statement in his message that "men cannot be forced in a peace-time democracy to work for a private employer under compulsion." Is this the turning over of an old leaf? JOHN C. CORT.

Books of the Week

The New Leviathan. Paul Hutchinson. Willett. $2.00.

THE MANAGING EDITOR of the *Christian Century* has written a first-rate book about the most vital issue of our time. In almost every sense this is a book to be read by Catholics as well as by Protestants, even though it would be truly amazing if a Protestant editor said nothing to offend Catholics. One can take exception to his acceptance of Lehman's version of the foreign policy of the Vatican, to his analysis of the Spanish affair, and to his insistence that public funds should never be diverted to parochial schools. But all these matters cover but a few pages and have little bearing on the important thesis of the book.

Dr. Hutchinson does not dismiss the lust of the state for power as one factor in the trend toward totalitarianism, but he believes that a greater danger arises "out of the panic of the 'little man' who has lost his nerve in a world that has become too grim for him to face." Unlike so many Protestant leaders, he has no illusions about Russia or about our chances of setting up any kind of a world order without a return to the natural law. Like others of us, he believes that without the natural law as interpreted by the guiding hand of the Church, democracy is impossible.

He believes that the Church has a definite responsibility to act as the moral arbiter of society, as a sort of censor to sit in judgment upon the derelictions and moral lapses of the State. As I read his pages I thought again and again of the valiant but losing effort made by the medieval papacy to enforce a world order based on the eternal verities.

Dr. Hutchinson shows an amazing familiarity with the best of Catholic thought on the social question, with Maritain, Dawson, the encyclicals, and not just the most famous ones. He makes many comparisons which reflect upon his co-religionists and their conformity to a secular-

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istic world. He states that the Protestant churches should return to the study of the idea of the moral law and its applicability in the contemporary world, "with resoluteness which Protestantism, at least, has not displayed since the Reformation."

He also points out that the Protestant churches have come forward with no alternative to totalitarianism, although the Catholic Church has presented its carefully thought-out corporative order, and he does not fall into the error of so many non-Catholic writers in relating corporatism to fascism. But it is impossible to do justice to this book in a brief review. I hope that Catholics will have the same courage in subjecting themselves to self-analysis and in taking an uncompromising stand against the hypocrisy of statesmen and the secularism of our age.

WALTER J. MARX.

A World to Win. Upton Sinclair. Viking. $3.00.

IN OUR SET it was the Tom Swift series. There was "Tom Swift and His Motor-boat," "Tom Swift and His Airplane," "Tom Swift and His Motor-cycle," possibly even "Tom Swift and His Electric Screwdriver." The memory of one summer's morning is particularly fresh even now—a beautiful summer's morning and a group of boys, forsaking all normal pleasures, sitting on the banks of the St. Lawrence River and reading to each other the immortal words of "Tom Swift and His Submarine."

It is possible that in this sophisticated day and age there are boys who sit around reading the Lanny Budd series of Upton Sinclair, of which "A World to Win" is the latest interminable instalment. It's possible, but if so, five will get you fifty that they couldn't stick to "A World to Win" for ten minutes on a sunny morning in the Thousand Islands.

It's that dull. People who should not lightly be contradicted have said that previous volumes have been fairly readable. Frankly, it seems hard to believe. The sad fact is that Upton Sinclair is not a good writer. He has no sense of style and a poor sense of humor; his characters are either unbelievable or uninteresting; and one has the feeling that he throws in people like Roosevelt, Hitler and Stalin because only by so doing can he present some characters who have three dimensions and are actually breathing in and out.

"A World to Win" is Volume VII and covers the period of 1940-42 in the life of Lanny Budd, who is a secret agent for FDR himself and an art expert and an accomplished pianist and a dabbler in psychic research and an heir to millions and a handsome devil and a Socialist reformer and an awfully nice man to know. He is also brave, loyal, kind, courteous, true and everything else in the Boy Scout oath. And he has a mother named Beauty Budd and a stepfather named Parsifal Dingle. In short, it is pure corn.

Upton Sinclair is a man who means extremely well; he has always had a lot of very decent instincts. And so you feel like being polite when you say that he doesn't know how to write. At least you would if it weren't for the fact that he goes out of his way to be highly insulting to Catholics and Catholicism.

At one point, for example, he is describing a conspiracy of rich American fascists who planned to kidnap Roosevelt in the summer of 1940 and take over the US government. He says they are "closely tied up with

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the Catholic hierarchy—the Papal Knights and the Papal Delegates and our millionaires who back them." This is a very strange sentence from any angle, but in a book which pretends to be fictionalized history, it seems to come pretty close to a lie, and a very serious one at that.

At another point Lanny is criticizing the Catholics in the State Department to FDR and the latter says, "We have some liberal Catholics, Lanny. "I have heard it said," says Lanny, "and it may be so. All I can tell you is that the only way a Catholic can be liberal is by being ignorant of the fundamental doctrines of his Church."

Catholics may feel a little nervous when somebody calls them "liberal," not knowing just how the word is meant. But when somebody says, or implies, that they can't be liberal by *any* meaning, unless they are also ignorant, then it seems that this is a perfectly reasonable, proper time to get mad. JOHN C. CORT.

Detroit Is My Own Home Town. Malcolm W. Bingay. Bobbs. $3.75.

DETROIT'S sole morning newspaper is the *Free Press.* It is the Bible of Detroit conservatives, and Malcolm Bingay, Editorial Director, is their prophet. For *Free Press* readers, Bingay's "Good Morning" column and his "Iffy The Dopester" comments rank second in popularity only to Dick Tracy. "Detroit Is My Own Home Town" combines the same gentle humor, newsmen's "inside dope" and pithy writing that have given Mr. Bingay his local popularity as a journalist.

Another thing that has made Mr. Bingay a breakfast-table "must" in Palmer Woods and Bloomfield Hills is his dependable orthodoxy. Mr. Bingay's account of the CIO's efforts to organize the Ford Motor Company consists almost wholly of a eulogistic biography of Henry Ford, with praise of his rugged individualism. The chapter on the Detroit Race Riot shows how the whole thing was imported from outside Detroit, how some of Mr. Bingay's best friends are colored, and that if the Negro will only try to win the white man's respect, he will win the white man's respect. The Detroit bank crash, with attendant scandals, which precipitated the nationwide bank holiday, was due to the machinations of Senator James Couzens, abetted by the Roosevelt Administration; the indicted bankers were wronged men, manifestly innocent because Mr. Bingay knew them personally.

But perhaps it is unjust to look for social consciousness in a book which is avowedly one of personal memoirs. It follows the usual pattern of human interest tales concerning The Great Men I Have Known. The book is not a history of Detroit or a panorama of Detroit. As the title itself infers, it is Mr. Bingay's Detroit that is under examination. It is a small segment of the whole, but a colorful and an interesting one. Even outlanders, to whom such names as Henry Ford, Charles E. Coughlin and Ty Cobb are household words, may enjoy reading about the good old days in the industrial capital of our nation. LEO J. TRESE.

Government against the People. Asher Brynes. Dodd. $3.00.

THE sentence "There are as many kinds of police as there are kinds of Government" indicates the topic of this book. It contains a description of police forces, their rise and development in various nations. Russia with its emphasis upon the power of the all-embracing and all-controlling state is the country where "nobody is a policeman"—for the government dominates everybody. England with its emphasis on individual rights and liberties is the country where "all men are policemen." In the United States, "police are controlled by the tides of public opinion." In England and the United States, police are "decentralized and locally controlled," whereas France and Germany have traditions of "centralized organizations of police." Brynes relates the various types of police with history and geographical conditions in various countries. England was an island without experiences of invasions (since 1066). "Because of the strategic strength of our American borders and the vast continental area they contain, we have had less to fear from war than any other nation of modern times." But Russia had open frontiers, was always threatened by invaders, had to be united and kept united from above, by an iron-fisted government which used various classes as police forces: the czars were not friendly to aristocrats.

The book contains much information. Brynes has read many books which are not widely known. His work has also the great merit of calling attention to the connections between internal and external policies. But it must be said, too, that it is in many respects not very satisfactory. The police is only a feature, but not the whole of internal policy and of the relations between people and government. The book is not well organized. Too many pages are devoted to Czar Ivan the Terrible. Too few pages are given to the Russian nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The connection between totalitarian terrorism and the political policies of the Gestapo or NKVD types is not analyzed. It is also strange that no special chapters are devoted to German and French police traditions though they represent, as Brynes correctly emphasizes, a particular type opposed to that predominant in England and the USA. His advice not to support with USA credit, "compounded of cash and prestige," the solvency of dictatorships is excellent, but I doubt that it covers all the complex issues with which American foreign policy is faced today.

But Brynes's final proposal of an "international standard of police" formulates well a most important issue of our time. "There must be a measure of genuine local autonomy in the management of police forces . . . the scope of central police agencies must be limited to specific tasks . . . there must be no political police of any description whatever." Brynes's book is in many respects very imperfect, it suffers from lack of clarity, as well as from an insufficient development of sociological analysis; the historian will raise his eyebrows at some passages, but nevertheless, it is a most stimulating work, full of suggestions and implications. I hope that it does not come too late, that its warning against a centralized and political police will not be regarded in a few decades as a prophetic warning which was not taken seriously.

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

Horizon Stories. Edited by Cyril Connolly. Vanguard. $2.50.

HORIZON, the English literary monthly that was born in 1939, is growing up, and to celebrate its attainment of the age of reason, the editor, Mr. Cyril Connolly (whose brilliant "The Unquiet Grave" published under the pseudonym of *Palinurus,* was recently reviewed in this paper) has put together twenty of the short stories that appeared during *Horizon's* first seven years.

It seems English short story-writers are today much

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affected by the terrible hell-haunted puritanism which has beset their American confreres of the last decade. The malady began, of course, with Ernest Hemingway whose Catholicism is a Nessus-shirt he tears at with each word he writes; but only the dandruff comes off, the shirt stays firmly on. Ring Lardner, John O'Hara, Mary McCarthy are others of like ilk, though the source of *their* infection is Puritan rather than Roman. To see only sin, and to hate the sinner: that is all their formula; and in every miserable, odious, tortured, misshapen character they create, they are idolizing the innocence they lost, the child they were.

"When I Was Thirteen"—the opening story of this *Horizon* collection—describes the seduction of a thirteen-year-old boy by another already at Oxford; "I Live on My Wits," by Denton Welsh, is the detailed account of how a Riviera bum sucks a rich American; "Happy All Alone" describes a wife leaving her husband in a tuberculosis sanatorium; she and the doctor know he will never recover; they all evade the issue "will she be faithful," because all know in advance she will not: as she closes the door, after saying goodbye, she sees hung on it the card, "Visitors Forbidden." Elizabeth Bowen, with her faint "In the Square," is obviously rather breathless from trying to make her characters as nasty as their contemporaries: "Really, Margaret, Cynthia's had two divorces, Jane's poisoned her husband, you must at least have a lover." One feels she is apostrophising them.

One story, "The Long Sheet," is a poor copy of a Kafka; the Logan Pearsall Smith reads as though he were doing a pastiche on Thomas Mann. The best are "The Moment of Reality," "The Saint"—a study of a Christian Scientist preacher with angina, written with real fury of loss, and "The Third Secretary's Story" in which, though reality is never wholly glimpsed, it is at least predicated.

For, alas, evil is real only in relation to good: as the loss of good, as the shadow of lost good, as the unbearable absence. When Alice was completely puffed after her run with the Red Queen, and asked "Are we there yet?" the Red Queen answered, no they hadn't even moved. You have to run as fast as that to keep where you are; to get anywhere you have to run many times faster, she warned Alice. The great writers on evil—Strindberg and Dostoievsky and Kierkegaard—are examples of this truth: the writers in this *Horizon* collection are like Pharisees carefully *dirtying* their hands—which (as was pointed out to them) is as idle as washing them, for it is not by their hands that men are foul.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Suitors and Suppliants. Stephen Bonsal. Prentice. $3.50.

IN ALL, 38 delegations of nationalities and ethnic groups came to Paris to plead before the Big Four for lands, peace and justice after World War I. Their claims met many obstacles. Many of the claims themselves were conflicting. There were, besides, the secret treaties embodying promises of the Allies to those who were to join up in their war. A number of these promises in certain details violated outright the principle of national self-determination. In other instances historic claims went too far back, conflicted with Big Power interests too sharply, comprised too small a part of the general European settlement or were too complicated geographically to win their point. Considering all these diculties it is remarkable what general rough approximations of justice were arrived at under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson. Self-determination was a measuring stick more often honored than not in 1919.

At a time when a new peace conference is in the offing (it is too bad the publishers did not foresee the Russian delays) it is handy for current observers to have as a basis for comparison the illuminating readable diary of Edward M. House's conference aide. Colonel Bonsal has divided his colorful narrative topically, with dates in each case; each chapter is easy to follow, dealing as it does with a single nation or ethnic group. The author's diary notes deal as much with his personal impressions of the delegates as with the arguments each advanced. As he is both sensitive and perceptive, that is all to the good. Power politics has always been with us and it certainly was prominent at Versailles. Today, one wonders, is there anything as strong as the guiding principle of Wilsonian self-determination to act as a counterbalance?

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

Again to the North. Compton Mackenzie. Dodd. $2.75.

FOR THE benefit of the uninformed reader, it might be well to state that this "novel" is the final volume of a kind of contemporary Pentateuch, dealing with a wealthy Anglo-Scotchman and professional "Kelt," John Ogilvie, who does not die like Moses, but marries again on the eve of the recent global war, and the promised land which (ever since Hiroshima) presumably lies beyond. "Again to the North" is, moreover, but the second part of two ultimate volumes, originally conceived as one. Hence, among several unjustifiable statements on the book-jacket, we object most strongly to the one stating that "this novel is a separate and distinct unit of Mr. Mackenzie's Four Winds of Love saga."

The onetime lover of some of Mr. Mackenzie's early books, in attempting to tackle, as a whole or in "separate units," "The Four Winds of Love" is subject to an

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experience almost of esthetic despair. He has to call up every resource of nostalgia and sentiment to write of it with the maximum of charity and the minimum of exasperation. For, after all, and whether it be in any sense a saga or not, a work of prose fiction in six fairly bulky volumes, covering three generations of contemporary historical, social and personal relations between 1900 and 1939, is a considerable feat. Yet it is a mere platitude to say that the test of such a work is not quantitative. Several authors, superior to Mr. Mackenzie in reputation and depth, have failed (relatively) at this saga-in-fiction kind of thing. Balzac was maddeningly uneven, and his collective "Comédie Humaine" appears to have been an afterthought; while, compared with Balzac, Zola on the broad literary map is nowhere at all. Galsworthy made a mildly qualitative success of his "Forsyte Saga," but did not have the sense to leave off at the end of Volume III ("To Let"). If Mr. Mackenzie had some obsecure desire to improve upon such authors, we can only say that, considering his well-known defects as a writer, he was not the man to do it.

We agree with that well-informed and able critic, Sister Mariella, that such "Catholic" authors as Mr. Mackenzie and Dr. Cronin are no more really Catholic in their art than a painter like Poussin is religious because he occasionally paints religious subjects. Her argument was that such novelists write voluble romances about priests and nuns and layfolk, the "Catholic circumference," as she calls it, while hardly approaching the Catholic center, which is analogous to the Quaker or Buddhist center (Huxley's "Divine Ground") i.e., direct, mystical experience of God. Yet this criticism is, after all, more fair to Dr. Cronin than to Mr. Mackenzie, who has always been relatively secular in his work. My main objection in the case of "The Four Winds of Love" is not so much to subject-matter as to manner, and it is the same old manner. In the first place, the Mackenzian circumference is that of nice, rich people, and there are no greater bores in fiction than nice, rich people when taken as seriously as Mr. Mackenzie takes them. In the second place, that rich, overripe, Keatsian vocabulary, which seemed so exciting back in the days of "Carnival" and "Sinister Street," has worn terribly thin with the years, and even occasionally rancid. It is hard to read without a veritable rage today the repetition of such words as "dislustred" and (a new one) "fritiency." This is the merest Gongorism, or rather it reminds one of the later Dickens guarding against the habit of letting his prose slide into iambic pentameters. But Mr. Mackenzie has never guarded his prose, because he has always completely lacked self-discipline, and has made up in a kind of romantic exuberance for what he lacks in definite quality.

A writer, sometimes, has the defects of his qualities, and the reverse is even true. Admirers of Compton Mackenzie who also believe in the Communion of Saints, should pray that he drop prose sagas once and for all, and give us another "Poor Relations."

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Unbroken Heart. Robert Speaight. Basilian. $2.50.

IN "The Unbroken Heart," Robert Speaight has shot from a taut, quivering bow the shining arrow of his fiction straight at this target, that the human heart needs faith in God. A book with a message may be as poor as a pamphlet or as great as "The Divine Comedy." Mr.

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Speaight has not aimed at greatness, but within the limits of his plan he has evoked an authentic beauty of a quite special tone and quality.

Mr. Speaight's world is not the world of realism where elemental passions surge and human nature is seen in the raw. All of the persons in his book are excessively civilized. Their daily small talk is of the nicest distinctions in art, music, letters. Their emotions are never simple. Their reactions to events are exquisitely complicated. A very minor character, a priest, who appears in the book for only half a page, speaks in the tone of the book when he observes that "The Hound of Heaven" is the most vulgar poem in the English language. These people move through a neatly stylized plot. There is a remarkable harmony of tone, pace, substance, message. The immaculate phrasing, the deft manipulation of events, the world of ripe cultivation all blend into a neat whole. And this unity in one sense is paradoxical. For though the need for faith is one of the most elemental needs of the human heart, it would be difficult to find a novel which seems less elemental than does "The Unbroken Heart."

The consciously artistic mode in which the novel is composed does not, however, preclude the flow of warm life-blood in the characters. When Desmond, who has been harrassed all his life by an overly-possessive aunt, brings about her total undoing in his own hour of tragic crisis, there are moments of dramatic intensity. In Signor Petti the author has achieved the difficult feat of making a saintly soul both credible and lovable.

When "The Unbroken Heart" was published in England seven years ago, the London *Tablet* regarded it as "a story which reveals Mr. Speaight as one of our foremost young Catholic novelists." The book deserves a warm welcome in this country.

SISTER MARIELLA.

The Divine Pity. Gerald Vann. Sheed. $2.50.

THE force of repetition, like that of example, works both ways, and this excellent study of the Beatitudes is propaganda for Thomism, and has managed to keep something of the gusto of Saint Thomas, of the feeling that Charles de Foucauld also had when he wrote at the beginning of World War I "in spite of everything, it's so unbearably exciting just that God exists, that He *is*." This book fulfills the promise of its lovely title.

I See the Philippines Rise. Carlos P. Romulo. Doubleday. $2.75.

IT WAS teeming rain when the General spoke after the beachhead had been won at Tacloban—which will astonish no one who has experienced the abominable mud of Leyte. The General poured his fervent evangelical prose into the portable mike, as he appealed for support from God and the Loyal Filipinos—which will surprise no one who knows his MacArthur. As he spoke, tattered and starving guerillas were fighting their way through the Japanese lines to join our forces on the beach—which will amaze no one who has observed the devotion of these people to our cause. In his fervid narration of this scene of the return of American arms to the Commonwealth, General Romulo has distilled all the memories—the climate, the leader, the people—which remain in those who saw the liberation of the Philippines.

This volume, although written in the first person, is less a personal account of the invasion than a frank appeal to Americans to recognize the contribution of the Filipinos

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Next Week

SAINT THOMAS, by Antonin G. Sertillanges, O.P., noted European authority on Thomism, relates the principles of the Angelic Doctor to the problems of our times. Father Sertillanges says of the present day: "What is lacking is neither clever ideas nor penetration nor breadth of grasp; it is order: it is a general ordering of the intelligence starting with first principles and culminating in the Supreme Principle . . ." The Commonweal is publishing so philosophical an article next week because of its pertinence to matters not generally viewed as philosophical.

BEAU SOIR, by Vincent Sheean, is a non-political personal impression of Léon Blum on the occasion of his recent visit to Washington to negotiate the loan to France. "For truly, we think as we go away into the warmed bowl of afternoon sunshine, the still, hot gold and green of Washington, this old man is very young; this civilian is passing brave; this Jew is most French. How he sets the mind upon a contemplation of the Third Republic and its fate . . ."

AMERICAN SOCIAL PROSPECT, Edward Skillin, Jr., is an attempt to set forth what is involved in the objective of "60,000,000 jobs," full-steam peacetime production, a new American economy that works. It is inspired by Chester Bowles's highly readable "Tomorrow Without Fear" and evaluates his and other remedies.

Also comment of the week, the Labor Problem, the latest on books, plays and movies.

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to our victory in the Pacific. It emphasizes the aspirations for democracy and equality which motivated their struggle. It is surcharged with emotion, as befits both the author and his material. It is not written in the "now-it-can-be-told" mood that is currently fashionable, for there is unqualified endorsement of American leadership and Allied objectives. It is not an enduring book, but if there is any one not yet convinced of the debt we owe the Filipinos, here is a good place to begin.

When the fleet came to Leyte after the liberation, Admiral Radford, who combined high professional competence with a sincere human interest, arranged to send the Filipino sailors in his force to their native homes to search for their families. Two destroyers, loaded with bluejackets who were born on the islands, made a circuit of the archipelago, leaving the men at Cebu, Panay and Luzon, and collecting them in time for our next operation. We listened with intense interest to their stories when they returned, and if you have not heard them, the record of the courage of these people will be found in the pages of this book.

J. N. MOODY.

Best Sermons, 1946. *G. Paul Butler. Harper.* $2.75.

OUT OF 5,674 manuscripts submitted, the editor and his advisory committee have compiled this annual which comprises 52 sermons by as many clergymen of 18 denominations. Admittedly the selection gives permanency to a good deal of distinguished preaching. And though each will have his favorites, there it at least enough to go around for every type of taste, with something more to spare. It need not be said that the theology of the volume varies with the preacher. What the dogmatic Christian will note in several of the sermons is the absence of a clear cut creedal basis: their theme is theistic rather than specifically Christian. Of the discourses herein contained, three set forth a Jewish and nine a Catholic view; of these latter, five mirror the mind of the universities and three that of the episcopate; so that in the main the Catholic parochial pulpit passes without representation. HENRY G. J. BECK.

Pioneers for Peace Through Religion. Charles S. Macfarland. Revell. $2.50.

THIS chronicle of the first thirty years of the interfaith Church Peace Union, founded by Andrew Carnegie, is the work of a well-known Presbyterian minister who has been a trustee of the organization from the very first.

CONTRIBUTORS

Ernst Karl WINTER is the author of many books and articles and was formerly Deputy Mayor of Vienna.

J. L. BENVENISTI is an English publicist.

Walter J. MARX is now out of the armed forces and teaching at the Catholic University of America.

Rev. Leo J. TRESE is the pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Carleton, Mich.

Waldemar GURIAN is one of the editors of the *Review of Politics.*

Anne FREMANTLE is an English writer at present resident in the United States.

Cuthbert WRIGHT teaches at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

Sister MARIELLA has compiled two anthologies of short stories and teaches at St. Benedict's College, St. Joseph, Minn.

Rev. J. N. MOODY, formerly a chaplain in the Navy, is now teaching at Cathedral College, New York, N Y.

Rev. Henry G. J. BECK teaches at the Immaculate Conception Seminary, Darlington, N. J.

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